

AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY.



Price 2s.

AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
ROYAL JENNERIAN SOCIETY,
FOR THE
EXTERMINATION
OF THE
SMALL POX,
BY
VACCINE INOCULATION;
DELIVERED ON THEIR
ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL,
MAY 17th, 1808.

BY JOHN DAWES WORGAN.

*Et meæ (siquid loquar audiendum)
Vocis accedet bona pars.*
HOR.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN AND CO. PATERNOSTER-ROW.

91906

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AN
ADDRESS,

&c.

LOUD sounds the clarion thro' the turbid air,—

Wide o'er the plains impetuous legions glare ;

To Arms! To Arms! the panting heroes cry,

To Arms! To Arms! the vocal shores reply.

BRITANNIA'S Sons the patriot impulse feel,

5

Rush to the fight, and bare the conqu'ring steel ;

While martial ardour fires the dauntless throng,

And raptur'd Poets raise th' inspiring song.

But ah! the tumults of the sanguine field

To VIRTUE'S throbbing heart no transport yield.

10

Contending hosts,—the trumpet's loud alarms,—

The shouts of conquest, and the din of arms,

Awake no raptures in her gentle thought,

Like the glad strains by rescued nations taught,

When gaunt Destruction's crimson flag is furl'd,

15

And heav'n-born Peace renews a wasted world.

She saddens at the load of ghastly cares,

Which man for man with studious toil prepares :

To softer themes she wakes the willing lyre,

Warm'd with a purer flame of sacred fire ;

20

And, while each vale the pleasing note rebounds,

Thy praise, DIVINE PHILANTHROPY, she sounds.

Is there a heart, whose generous passions glow

To share another's joy,—another's woe?

Is there a breast, by PITY's flame refin'd, 25
 That pants to work the bliss of human kind ?
 To You, blest PATRIOTS OF THE WORLD, she sings ;—
 To You the Muse her humble tribute brings.
 That blissful train her brightest palms receive,
 Whose heav'nly toils the suff'ring earth relieve ; 30
 And, on *this* day, when Albion's race conspire
 From Glory's mad'ning vortex to retire,
 And hail with votive songs the natal hour
 Of HIM, who stop'd Contagion's deadly power,
 Rous'd with a warmth to vulgar themes unknown, 35
 She turns to joyful strains the plaintive groan :
 And, while her hands unfading chaplets twine
 Around her JENNER's honour'd brow to shine,
 She sounds that name, to Britons ever dear,
 Which checks the infant's moan, the parent's tear. 40

Mute be the Cannon's roar!—ye Thunders, cease!
 Ye sprightly Tabrets, wake the notes of Peace:
 Let Albion's Virgin train HIS glory speak,
 Who shields the roses on the vermeil cheek:
 In festal songs, ye parent band, reply, 45
 While Joy's bright tear-drop glistens in each eye;
 And lisp HIS name, ye blooming infant throngs,
 Whose heav'n-directed arm your vital breath prolongs.

Let others urge the glittering toils of War,
 Yok'd to Ambition's desolating car; 50
 Rush to th' ensanguin'd plains, or, madly brave,
 Impel deluded myriads to the grave.
 'Tis thine, blest JENNER, with auspicious hand,
 To chase one Demon from the trembling land,—

Avert the fainting babe's impending doom, 55
 And rescue nations from the yawning tomb.

Too long VARIOLA, with blood-stain'd vest,
 Prowl'd o'er the plains, and shuddering earth oppress ;—
 Chill'd the sad heart,—polluted ev'ry gale,
 And spread Contagion o'er th' affrighted vale. 60

Ye agonizing train, who drop the tear
 Of speechless anguish o'er th' infantile bier ;—
 Ye Lovers, doom'd in beauty's prime to mourn
 Your dear associates from your bosoms torn ;—
 O say what ills have prey'd on hopeless man, 65
 Since, curs'd VARIOLA, thy reign began.

Affection's groan,—the Parent's piercing cry,—
 Rose on each gale, and echoed to the sky.

TH' ALMIGHTY FATHER heard the deathful moan,
 And bade COMPASSION leave her starry throne; 70
 Swift at his voice the meek-ey'd Seraph flew,
 Till earth's blue mountains glimmer'd in her view,—
 With downy pinion cleft th' aerial way,
 And bade her wand the tide of anguish stay.
 Far from the crowded haunts of empty fame, 75
 She wak'd in JENNER's breast a kindred flame;
 Straight in his hand a steely point she plac'd,
 With matchless pow'rs, and guardian virtues grac'd,
 And said: " With THIS yon SPECKLED FIEND disarm,
 " With THIS Contagion's rav'nous fury charm;— 80
 " This shall relieve the parent's drooping soul,
 " Sweet Hope inspire, and anxious Doubt controul."

Rous'd at her strains, with Virtue's hallowed glow,
 Content his rural pleasures to forego,
 His stedfast heart sustain'd the toilsome care, 85
 That every clime his healing gifts might share.
 With strong benevolence, his tow'ring mind
 The lures of Wealth and private Gain resign'd,
 While distant chiefs, by Wisdom's dictates led,
 Wide o'er each land VACCINA's blessings spread. 90

* See ! at Philanthropy's divine command,
 Thy sons, IBERIA, quit their native strand ;
 With dauntless hope innumerable toils they dare,
 From pole to pole the VITAL GIFT to bear.
 No deep-mouth'd cannons thunder o'er the main, 95
 No sanguine fights the placid wave distain,

* See Note I.

But smiling Peace her olive branch displays,
 And faltering infants lisp their Guardian's praise,
 As on their arms the sov'reign shield they show,
 Whose heav'nly powers repel TH' ERUPTIVE FOE,— 100
 With mystic charm extend the fleeting breath,
 And blunt the direst of the shafts of death.

From the bleak plains, which lasting snows o'erwhelm,
 To Libya's wilds, and Afric's parching realm ;—
 From boist'rous Oronooko's headlong stream, 105
 To where the Brahmin hymns the solar beam ;—
 VACCINA reigns, with deathless honours crown'd,
 And spreads her glad'ning influence wide around ;
 And here, commission'd from the realms above,
 Demands a Nation's thanks, a Nation's love. 110

In vain would Envy, with her venal horde,
 Assail that name by distant climes ador'd,
 Or hellish Avarice, leagu'd with Death, obtain
 Her private interest from the public bane.—
 Ye sordid minds, to genuine worth unjust,— 115
 Roll in your native mire, and lick the dust.
 But know!—VACCINA claims a loftier fame,
 While God-like Patriots bless her darling name;
 And, as her friends with liberal ardour meet,
 To pour their bounteous offerings at her feet, 120
 BRITANNIA crowns the deed with just applause,
 And beams propitious on the glorious cause;
 A long-lov'd KING his generous aid combines,
 And Truth, obscur'd in vain, triumphant shines.

These are our glories : *—and, while these remain, 125
 Still shall VACCINA spread her genial reign ;
 Still shall her cheering energies extend,
 Our cares alleviate, and our race befriend ;
 And future ages, wondering as they read
 Of woes, which *once* the SPECKLED FIEND decreed, 130
 Shall bless that arm by gracious Heav'n design'd
 T'avert the deadly scourge of human kind,
 And, as their tears embalm th' illustrious dead,
 In Freedom's cause who conquered or who bled,
 To JENNER's name a grateful world shall raise, 135
 The well-earn'd monument of deathless praise.

* See Note II.

NOTES.

 VERSE 21.

“ See! at Philanthropy’s divine command,” &c.

The Expedition to which this passage alludes, is of a nature unprecedented in the annals of History. A detailed account of its origin and completion has appeared in a Supplement to the Madrid Gazette, of Oct. 14th, 1806, which informs us, that “ On Sunday, the 17th of September last, Dr. Francis Xavier “ Balmis, Surgeon Extraordinary to the King of Spain, had the honour of “ kissing his Majesty’s hand, on occasion of his return from a Voyage round “ the World, executed with the sole object of carrying to all the ultra-marine “ possessions of the crown of Spain, and to those of several other nations, “ the inestimable gift of Vaccine Inoculation.” Dr. Balmis, accompanied by several members of the Faculty, sailed from Coruuna, on the 30th of November, 1803, carrying with him 22 children, who had never undergone the Small Pox, for the purpose of keeping up a successive series of inoculations, and effectually preserving the vaccine virus during the voyage. The expedition proceeded in two divisions, which severally circumnavigated the globe, disseminating the Vaccine as they went, through every nation, whether friends or foes. They communicated it, among the rest, to the English, at St. Helena, and to the Visayan Islands, “ the chiefs of which,” says the Gazette, “ accustom- “ tomed to wage perpetual war with us, have laid down their arms, admiring “ the generosity of an enemy, who conferred upon them the blessings of health “ and life, at a time when they were labouring under the ravages of an Epidemic “ Small Pox.” In the progress of the Expedition 230,000 persons were successfully vaccinated.

VERSE 125.

“ These are our glories,” &c.

In forming an estimate of the merits of Vaccination, the Author would be unwilling to repose upon the opinion of an individual, of a society, or of a nation. But the experience of the whole world has given the most decided testimonial in favour of the practice ; and, should any secondary testimonial be required, the evidence of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, which, after the most laborious investigation, was laid before the British Senate, must convey peculiar satisfaction to the mind of every Englishman. Their Report contains an impartial discussion of the subject, and concludes by stating “ that they feel it their duty strongly to recommend the “ practice of Vaccination. They have been led to this conclusion by no pre- “ conceived opinion, but by the most unbiassed judgment, formed from an “ irresistible weight of evidence which has been laid before them. For when “ the number, the respectability, the disinterestedness, and the extensive expe- “ rience of its advocates, is compared with the feeble and imperfect testimonies “ of its few opposers ; and when it is considered that many, who were once ad- “ verse to Vaccination, have been convinced by further trials, and are now to be “ ranked among its warmest supporters, the truth seems to be established as “ firmly as the nature of such a question admits ; so that the College of Physicians “ conceive that the Public may reasonably look forward with some degree of “ hope to the time when all opposition shall cease, and the general concurrence “ of mankind shall at length be able to put an end to the ravages at least, if not “ to the existence, of the Small Pox.”